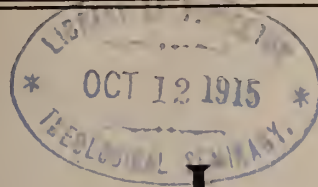


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THE



MISSIONARY LINK



FOR THE

WOMAN'S UNION MISSIONARY SOCIETY
OF AMERICA

OCTOBER, 1915

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THE MISSIONARY LINK

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VOL. XLVI.

OCTOBER, 1915

No. 10

WOMAN'S UNION MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF AMERICA.

This Society was organized in 1860, and is the pioneer of Woman's Foreign Missionary Societies in America.

It is undenominational, and so it presents a united Christian front to the heathen world.

It is carried on entirely by women, with unsalaried officers.

Its aim is the salvation and elevation of heathen women.

"Win for Christ," its motto.

THE mass movements in India may prove to be the biggest problem that faces Christian missions there. Nothing like them is known in Christian history. The India number of *World Outlook* presents the facts from many sides, asserting there is no precedent for dealing with them, that they hold the key to the evangelization of India. Behind the painted curtain that the tourist and the artist call India, is the real India—the villages where nine-tenths of her people live, and these pages raise the curtain. In the bewildering pageant that is revealed, one thing stands out clearly—that the great religious unrest among the people is impelling them by the thousands, by whole villages, toward the missionary.

AN educational review, recently published in India, gives figures to show how Christians lead in female education. In the United Provinces the female Hindu population is, in round numbers, nineteen million, the Mohammedan three million, and the Indian Christian seventy-seven thousand and over. In the same province the figures for girls in Anglo-Vernacular secondary schools are—Hindus, 404; Mohammedans, 138, and Indian Christians 2,668. There are six colleges specially intended for Indian women, shown

in the returns, for the whole of British India. Four of the six are missionary institutions. This speaks of great missionary opportunities, as well as of successful efforts.

AT a recent Y. W. C. A. conference held in North India, the students in attendance faced an unusual call to service. Thirty thousand Indian people have been refused baptism by one mission in India because they could not be shepherded and taught! This is a situation which is a challenge to the young women of the Indian church.

IN the *Chinese Recorder* it is said that sixty-eight per cent of the missionary centers have no resident physician. In only eight provinces is there as much as one medical missionary to a million people, or less, and in five provinces there is not even one missionary physician to two millions of Chinese.

THE records show that Eastern races are increasing among us, and not alone by immigration. A missionary magazine says: An expert in immigration conditions prophesies "that within the next twenty years there will be at least three million Hindus in our country." Restrictive legislation may be a temporary barrier, but it cannot permanently shut out these millions of the Orient. It is just the time when every effort should be made to meet this incoming flood of non-Christian immigrants. On the Pacific slope aggressive work is being done for these various races, including the Hindus.

WORD has come of the safe arrival at 212 Bluff of Miss Tappan, after a pleasant and eventful journey. She will remain during Miss Loomis' absence from the Mission. Miss Pratt, now on furlough, sailed from Yokohama the day before Miss Crosby reached Japan, and has gone on to her home in central Vermont.



ROADSIDE IDOL IN JAPAN.

IN EASTERN LANDS.

JAPAN—YOKOHAMA

AT THE FEET OF A HUNDRED BUDDHAS

By JULIA HAND BRONSON

WAS I dreaming, or was I actually walking with the secretary for China over a quiet country road of old Japan? The sky was hazy blue, with drifting opalescent clouds, and it was a day with enough atmosphere to satisfy a Corot. Behind us was the village of Nikko, the ancient temples and shrines gleaming among stately cryptomerias. All about us were grand mountains and beautiful waterfalls, and, very close at hand, the forest primeval. Our road followed a narrow, rushing mountain torrent up toward its source.

Emerging from the woods, we found ourselves on the very banks of the stream, high and rocky, and stretching along our path a long, long—I was going to say “never-ending”—line of carved stone Buddhas met our eyes. These images are known to the inhabitants of the place as the “bewitched Buddhas,” because tradition has it that no one has ever been able to count them. They are all gray with age, and some are quite covered with moss. Yet

each lifeless image, with its face set in eternal repose, showed that human worshippers had lately been near, for every one was pasted over on feet and hands and cold, unfeeling breast with little, pathetic strips of paper, each written or printed with a few words. Were they prayers, or votive offerings? On one of the altars, at the feet of a grim Buddha, lay a great bunch of passion-flowers but lately gathered. Japan is so full everywhere of beauty to ravish one’s eyes, and of sights like these to break one’s heart.

We followed the rocky path on and on, until we saw, at last, signs of human life. Far below the feet of the Buddhas, at the foot of the steep banks, were poor women wearing ragged and scanty men’s garments, and working among the stones at the water’s edge. They were gathering and sifting them and filling great baskets with them—heavy loads indeed for their weary and drooping shoulders. It was dreadfully hard work, and those women—they did not look like real women, for their faces were dull and unintelligent, and prematurely old. One of them in sheer exhaustion was stretched like a log among the stones. We could only think of the one thing as we looked at them—it was our only opportunity, for we should never pass that way again. Perhaps it was their only opportunity also!

I made my way to them, and they did not repulse me, but were kind and civil and listened very quietly and attentively to what I had to say. One of them offered me her pipe, all filled with fresh tobacco, a mark of genuine courtesy and hospitality.

"Did you ever hear the 'Jesus teaching'?" I asked them. One cannot beat about the bush when the time is short and the need is great.

They shook their heads. "Never?" "No, never."

One or two said they had heard the name "Jesus," but it was only a name, nothing more. So I began the beautiful old, old story and told it as simply as I could, but with such a prayer in my heart that God would bless the seed sown. Quite suddenly, as I was talking of the love and fatherhood of God and how He was ready to listen to the feeblest cry, even from one who did not know Him well, who had only heard a very little, a woman interrupted me with a question—a question that seemed to look out of her sad, dull eyes as she fixed them very earnestly and eagerly on me and said: "Where is the temple where one can go and pray to Him?"

Poor thing! Was she longing to go with her burden to the unknown God?

Just above, sitting there among the cold stone Buddhas, and not understanding a Japanese word, yet understanding all so well, I knew my friend was praying. So were not "two" gathered in His name? This was His temple then, and the place was holy ground.

I told the women this—that wherever a soul needed God, there was His temple. Did they cry to Him? And is He leading them on? Can we not believe that the wayside seed, sown beside all waters, shall somehow be cared for by the one who alone can give the increase?

BIBLE STUDENTS' WORK IN A FACTORY

By CLARA ALWARD

PERHAPS the most enjoyable and satisfactory work of our students is that in the Kamitaki hemp braid factory in Yokohama. About a thousand women and girls are employed there, more than three hundred of the number living in dormitories on the factory compound.

The invitation to begin this work came to us through a Christian gentleman, who is a friend of the president of the company. He advised this teaching for the factory women

because he had observed the benefit to the children of his own neighborhood from the work of the students in a cottage Sunday School.

When we began, more than three years ago, the factory was working night and day shifts, so our Sunday evening school was also "shifted"—one company of pupils two weeks, then another company two weeks. But plans were soon begun for enlarging the plant to provide for day work only. Those were trying days, with many interruptions, but rather than miss a meeting we accepted any conditions offered, and made the best of any opportunity until readjustments were made and we were able to celebrate our first Christmas in the large, new dining hall, beautifully decorated for us.

The Sunday School is held in the evening after working hours, and the present attendance is about a hundred of the factory workers. Recently the children from the community begged to be allowed to come in, at one time raising the Sunday School thermometer to 192. This is a large number for six teachers, so the outside children have classes first and are sent home after the opening exercises with the regular members; also the superintendent of the factory opens his home for a class of outside boys, instead of having them meet with the women and girls. This superintendent has always been very helpful in the work. He has become a happy, earnest Christian himself, and received baptism more than one year ago. Recently the president of the company attended one of the morning meetings, listened with marked interest, and afterward spoke to the women most frankly of his approval and appreciation of the work, and encouraged their faithful attendance.

The Bible students, who are privileged to have a part in the work, become very fond of it, and the students, far from their own homes, seem to cherish a special love for these teachers who have taught them the best things they know, and have shown them the true love of Christ.

INDIA—ALLAHABAD

MORNING VISITS TO MY PUPILS

By EDA RODERICK

THE morning hours pass so swiftly, let me hasten my steps. I see a group of women sitting twining grass ropes. "Come here, come here!" an insistent voice calls. I give a thought to my waiting pupils

and join the group. The hands may not stay their work, but the eager faces turn to me, and the lips softly utter the words of the hymn after me, saying, "Repeat it so as I can learn it."

The group has enlarged, attracted by the singing; others have come from adjacent houses. A simple talk about the love of Jesus for sinners follows, and I leave them. These are fisher-folk, of whom there are a great many in Daragung. My heart goes out to them. Fisher-folk were the Lord's first disciples, and only since my residence here have I been able to come into contact with this class.

Next I enter a house, and my pupil is ready with her books awaiting me. Her mother is sick, and the burden of the household work falls on her, a high-spirited young woman with an old husband who does not care for his wife. She is weary of the thralldom of her environment. I have spent some very anxious moments over her; yet if one were to thwart her imperiously it might drive her into the very things to be avoided. There are pitfalls of which she is not aware. I have told her to come to me when she decides for Christ, but she is not ready for that; it is the unknown world that beckons her. She owns that the Bible is her best loved book, and says, "I could listen to you forever when you speak of spiritual things." All I can do is to be her friend and let her open her mind to me.

My next pupil is a young bride-elect, and her Scripture lesson is not prepared. I feel quite discouraged, and ask, "M—, why did you not study?" and she replied, "At night I was reading elsewhere in the Gospel, and it was so sweet I just read on." Well, the Shepherd led His sheep to His own pastures, and that is what one most desires—to stand aside and let Him be the teacher.

I and my household and some of the neighbors' children are having evening prayers, and the door is always open at this time. A tall form is seen gazing in, so an invitation to enter is given and accepted. "Yes," he says, "I have heard you many a time as I passed. When a lad I studied in the Presbyterian mission school. I have read the Bible. It is the book that tells us about the Lord Jesus. There is one thing about Him, that the more you know Him, the more your heart goes out to Him." It was a revelation to me, that in the midst of his sowing and reaping and harvesting his aspirations were like St. Paul's—"to know Him." These are only gleams of the glory that shall be.

TWO ZENANAS IN CAWNPORE

By CLARA M. BEACH

"WHAT'S in a name?" A great deal in the Orient, I assure you. Even the days of the week are transformed into names for children born on those days, so that we have Ituariya, born on Sunday, or Mangli, born on Tuesday, and the fifth child often goes through life proclaiming the fact by the name Pauncho, which is derived from Paunch, meaning "five"; and one could feel quite certain that Chando was born on a moonlight night. To-day, as we enter the first zenana, we meet Basanti, or "spring," for that is the meaning of the word. And why shouldn't a child born at that time commemorate the fact, for it is a time of great rejoicing in India as in America. Not only does the first month of the season bear the name, but there is also a big festival to usher in the season, and great crowds go about in processions with flower pots of wheat and other grains, that for weeks have been growing in the dark, making a very attractive sight with the setting of bright colors worn by the women. But to come to Basanti herself. She is a little girl about eight years old, and it has been over a year since I have seen her. Then she was just beginning to spell out easy words, and I am simply delighted with the progress she has made, for she can read short stories quite nicely now, is able to write, and can give the story of Christ very creditably. The question which so often comes to my mind arises here: "And what other lives are being influenced by this pupil?" There may be more, but I know of three. First, her little brother, who is inclined to be afraid of me at first, for he is just old enough to creep about; but a smile goes a long way in India, and almost before I realize it I find him playing with my shoe—an article that perhaps he has never seen before. After a time I give him my fingers, and lo! before I go we have become friends and he is quite ready to meet any advances I make. There is mother, too, who is very proud indeed that the "examination," as they call my visit, has been a success, and that I am pleased. She is one of the "silent ones," so numerous in India because they so fear their husbands. She has scarcely spoken a word since I entered the house, though she has been very pleased at the way baby and I have made friends. Knowing how these silent "hearers" drink in the wonderful story of love, I cannot but believe that were her mouth opened she too could tell all that the daughter knows, for oftentimes

these mothers prompt the diffident children and surprise us with their ability to repeat Scripture texts and tell incidents in Christ's life. But who is this elderly man who has been hovering about and showing so much interest? Why, that is grandfather. And as we press home some of the truths that have been so faithfully taught by the dearest of Bible women, we find he is not overpleased, and several other facts are brought to our attention. He speaks English quite well, having had a college education, he has a government position at the law offices, and he lets us know that he is none too pleased to have us "clinch" the teaching and would like to argue with us, but we refuse to take sides, and also remain firm, telling him that if we come to teach Basanti to read her secular books we must tell her of Christ as well. Is there no fear that he may refuse to have us come? Yes, indeed! And we pray that this may not occur, and are thankful that the door is still open to us.

Only a few doors away live three sisters who have been our pupils for several years. The two older ones can read anything in Hindi, but are now learning Roman Urdu, while the youngest is very slowly learning Hindi. Before we leave, the news is told us that one of the older girls will have been married and left the home nest before we come again. Some Scripture Gift Gospels have been sent to us for distribution, and as a parting gift I gave her two of the attractive illustrated portions, Mark and Luke. Please pray that these silent messengers may be used of God to influence her life and others in her new home, to let them know of Him who loved them and gave Himself for them.

PERSONALS

Japan, Yokohama.—Miss Tracy writes: Miss Crosby's steamer arrived a day before it was expected, but we had her house pretty well in order, so that she could be comfortable and go slowly about the rest. She spent the first night with us at "212," but the next morning went over to see her house, and was so pleased that she moved right in. Miss Crosby looked very well, and she was so happy to be back again in Japan. After school closed Mrs. Dauchy, Mrs. Bronson and I came up to Hakone as planned. The Sunday before we were made happy to have seven of our girls baptized and unite with the Japanese church. That afternoon we had a beautiful

service in our chapel, a simple address and the communion service, to which we invited all of our graduates in Yokohama.

India, Fatchpur.—Dr. Mackenzie writes: There were eight of the Cawnpore children here during vacation time, and there were twelve in the hospital, so they all had a lovely time playing in the groves and gathering mangoes. Every evening after dinner they came to the drawing-room for ice cream and fruit, and while here they had also a treat of toys and sweets from the government officials on the Viceroy's birthday.

Jhansi.—Dr. Getty writes: We just keep on each day with the routine work during the heated term. I have been in the dispensary since Dr. Ernst came, as she has the hospitals on her hands. She understands the people and can do so much more for them. I am convinced that one has to be in India some time before one can deal wisely with them. They have no idea of time; their ways and ideas are so different from our ways.

Calcutta.—Miss Simpson writes: Our new building is up and ready for the roof, and I praise God for this, as we so sorely need it. We will have a lovely nursery for the babies, a hospital for the sick children, besides dormitories and classrooms. The whole system of water and drainage is being done over—new pipes everywhere.

China, Shanghai.—Miss Hall writes: Nine girls have received diplomas from the Intermediate Department, and twelve others received certificates for satisfactorily completing the work of the Primary Department. Those two departments mean seven years' work. We have seven students who are planning to take the three further years in the Normal High School. They are really in earnest in wanting to fit themselves just as well as they possibly can for service.

Miss Abbey is busy night and day on geography work. The Educational Association has asked her to take up this study at the two weeks' summer school for training day-school teachers at Hanchow. People have heard about our interesting geography work for the children here, and they have seized upon her to pass it on. It means a great deal to plan out the lessons for a year, to have them translated, to make patterns of houses and clothes and people of the different countries—it is a big task—but every one has helped and been glad to do it, because it will mean a big boost to the day school problem in China.

HERE AND THERE

WORDS TO INSPIRE

IN a recent number of a religious paper appeared a poem, called "Pray, Give, Go," and as we begin again our winter's work for our Society, may we not appropriate these three words for our inspiration.

They cannot be separated, so closely are they interlinked one with the other, although to many of us the privilege of the last word of the three-fold admonition is not granted. Therefore, the greater responsibility rests upon us, of claiming our right to use the first two words—"Pray, Give."

Nor shall the giver count his gift
As greater than the worker's deed,
Nor he in turn his service boast
Above the prayers that voice the need.

The task is tremendous that lies before us. The challenge from the Orient rings out loud and clear! Shall we draw back?

The call comes from every station of our mission field, more workers, enlarged opportunities, wonderful results. Shall we retrench?

Can we say to those awaiting the Gospel message, our treasury will not permit us to give it to you!

Must we face conditions such as these, when within our grasp are the God-given privileges which we have only to reach out and claim as our own, "Prayer, Gifts," and use them for the advancement of His Kingdom, with renewed earnestness and consecration?

A. C. M.

HELP WANTED

VARIOUS letters from the Yokohama Girls' School tell of applications coming thick and fast for the next year's work—worthy and promising girls, eager to learn, lacking only the way to pay for the privilege—thirteen or more, waiting without, wanting admission to the school-life that means so much to these earnest little folk—full of spirit, intelligence, eagerness, strength and desire. This has been called the season of Annual Heartbreak—when so many must be refused for lack of the forty dollars for the year's tuition.

The first waiting on this list, is a member of a large family once prosperous but fallen on hard times. Two older sisters have been in the school on scholarships—one has been graduated, the other has two more years.

Both of these sisters became Christians, fine, strong girls. The little one whom we want to take is a nice, refined child with quiet manners, and we hear from her teachers that she has a good mind. There seems every reason to believe that she would become an able student and a strong Christian leader, provided she can have this chance.

Just a year ago a dear little mite of a girl was running wild in the country, living with an unclè too poor to keep her but able to pay a monthly sum to the school if the rest could be secured. One of the family at 212 Bluff volunteered to give the balance until friends could be found. She is a delightful, spontaneous, natural little person, very bright in her studies, irrepressible but not naughty, full of smiles and merry ways, and one cannot help loving her. She is faithful in coming to a little weekly meeting, and seems earnest and thoughtful, learning about the Christ-life. Now the Bible woman from her village writes that the unclè can do no more and can the school take her on full scholarship? She is a tested girl and one of great promise; how can she be sent away? Help will come.

M. L. P.

REACHING RURAL JAPAN

THE evangelizing of the distant villages is an important feature of recent missionary effort, and its difficulties are shown in this clipping from the *Japan Evangelist*: "Our whole way of feeling and thinking is so entirely different from that of the Japanese rural population that it seems almost impossible to understand each other. We are active; they are passive. We are practitioners; they are estheticians. We go straight toward goals; they let themselves be carried along by the stream of life, and some meanderings more or less they do not mind. We count time and do our business with watch in hand. They cannot bear the ever-changing contents of their life being wedged in the fetters of hours and minutes. To us the spoken word is but a form; and the true language of their soul is wordless.

"We enjoy the freedom of our personalities; they are bound by dependence upon their family, relatives, village community, by all sorts of obligations which become in no way easier for them because we do not comprehend their binding power and think them to be quite unnecessary. From all this it follows

that the first thing needed for those who want to serve the Japanese rural population is faith and patience and the impression of our personality as they get it, quite apart from our consciousness, by their observations."

THE DECISIVE HOUR

THE *Indian Witness* quotes the Honorary Secretary of the Church Missionary Society as affirming that the present decade is for the Christian Church "the decisive hour of Christian Missions," and "a day of unparalleled opportunity"; that the chief missionary problem is "the Spiritual Life of the Home Church."

"There is no doubt," he adds, "that general interest in Missions has greatly increased in recent years; but that the note of urgency is, generally speaking, lacking. A new constraint is needed, and that will only come as God's people receive a new conception of the conditions of the non-Christian world."

"The real *sin* of the world is altogether unrealized, else there could not be the easy references to the non-Christian 'religions.' When Christ's men see the world a little more as He sees it, and know the terrible meaning of *sin*, they will be prepared to pay the cost of taking part in bringing the knowledge of redemption to the peoples of the world. The Old Testament prophets seemed to realize that Jehovah was the God of the nations; and men to-day must hear a call to take their part in hastening the coming of His Kingdom."

A BULLETIN

FRIENDS of foreign missions will rejoice in the glad news recorded in the Bulletin of the American Board, that sixty-one missionaries are to join its forces at the front during the board year—sixty-one consecrated, well-trained, carefully selected recruits, some of them with missionary heritage. At the beginning of the year the American Board decided to go ahead by an act of faith—faith in God and in the friends of the Board—and to send out recruits as in ordinary years, with this result—that its stations in Japan, India, Africa, China, in Turkey and the Balkans, even in Albania, will be strengthened in time of need. If the greatest thing in the world is to be a missionary, then the next greatest thing in the world must be to make a missionary possible.

ACCORDING to the *Japan Messenger*, the eighth convention of the World's Sunday School Association will be held in Tokyo next year, in October. At the great meeting in Zurich the invitation for 1916 was presented by the delegates from Japan, Dr. Ibuka and Dr. Kozaki, and unanimously accepted. This action marks an epoch in Christian history, for never before has so large a Christian organization decided to hold its convention in the Far East.

The local arrangements are in the hands of the National Sunday School Association, with twelve committees composed of fifty Japanese Christians and missionaries. Its publication says: "The sweeping victory which Count Okuma achieved in the recent election will, no doubt, be a strong factor favorable to the holding of the convention in Tokyo at the appointed time. Count Okuma, the venerable premier, is personally interested in the success of the convention. He heartily believes that this gathering would be a powerful stimulus to growth in things spiritual in Japan. Under these circumstances, in spite of the war now raging in Europe, large numbers of delegates can hopefully be expected to come to Tokyo in 1916."

"OUR prayers are God's opportunities." In ordaining prayer God has evidently chosen so to limit himself that our prayers permit him to do what he could not otherwise do. Are you making the opening that God longs for? How His heart must leap when the opportunities come pouring in to Him! Unfaithful as we may have been, God has never been unfaithful to a single opening that a prayer of one of his children has offered him. When we are tempted to wish that more opportunities would come our way, let us ask ourselves whether we are sending opportunities God's way.—*S. S. Times*.

ENTERED into rest August 9, 1915, Lydia Ingalls, daughter of the late Walter and Frances C. Greenough."

So passed another whose gentle spirit had endeared her to many, and whose faithfulness was appreciated not only in the Philadelphia Branch, but in the Mother Society as well. Would that for every one who has finished her course and so well kept the faith and helped to pass it on, a worthy successor would arise! God grant it! M. L. W.



PUPILS IN BRIDGMAN MEMORIAL SCHOOL.

FOR MISSION BANDS.

A DAY

By ANNE G. HALL

“WRITE a composition about a day in your school,” you say to the beginning class in English pupils, girls about twelve and thirteen years of age. This is a most interesting class, by the way, because the girls have reached the stage where they show some sense, and yet they have not reached the self-conscious stage, which is such a blight upon animated response. Here is what comes back to you:

“I go to school in Shanghai. I like my school. I get up at six o’clock. I eat breakfast at seven o’clock. I read my books from nine o’clock till twelve o’clock. I read my books in the afternoon, too. At four o’clock I can go out and play with the other girls. I have twelve teachers in my school. They are kind and good. At eight o’clock I say good-night and go to bed.”

Thirteen variations of that! Is *that* all that a day in school means? Indeed, no! The

above response is determined solely by a limited vocabulary. A real day in the Bridgman School is limited only by what can be packed into the experiences of some one hundred girls, from the seven-year-old tot to the twenty-year-old young lady, and to the not much older teachers, which is as much as saying that it is unlimited. Just to select a little bit.

In the first place there are morning prayers, two sets of them, for the older girls at eight and the younger ones at half past eight. You and your teachers give the very best you have to give then, because you want morning prayers to mean a widening of vision to the girls—to leave an impression upon them. Then there is plain school busy-ness. Ask any teacher if time hangs heavy on her hands. The brunt of the school work is in Chinese. In English you can hear anything from “h-a-n-d, hand” and “I am sitting on a chair,” to “A water fowl.” The following is a little dissertation on the writer’s favorite selection from the fifth reader:

"A long time ago there lived in America a famous poet by the name of William Cullen Bryant. One day he saw a water fowl flying in the pathless sky. Though its figure could be seen, it was too far away for a hunter to shoot it. It was flying from zone to zone, but it was not lost. Why? Because God was leading it. When the summer came perhaps it would find a welcome home, where it would rest and scream among its fellows. It seemed to William Cullen Bryant that God, who had the power to lead the birds of the air, would lead his steps aright too. I hope that we will always pray to God, who will show us how to do whatever we have to do."

Can you see a little inkling there of how we try to make everything in the day mean God wherever it is possible? Perhaps next is a talk with one of the older girls, who is at the "almost, but not quite persuaded" point. She has come to the conclusion that probably there must be a God, but when she reads different parts of the Bible she is filled with many doubts. They are doubts not one whit different from what so many young people have at home, but her doubts are harder to overcome than theirs, because there is no tradition or inheritance of experience with God behind them. Her vulnerable point is her love for her country, and some time she will see that the only hope for her country is in the teachings and person of that man of Nazareth—the greatest of all statesmen.

Then you go from that little talk in which you've had to use every bit of gray matter and heart you possessed, and try to settle a quarrel between two small girls. It seems it is not a small quarrel, but has been going on for several days and has interfered with meals and physical well-being as well as with spiritual peace. They are both Christians, too. One of them has too sharp and bitter a tongue, a tongue beyond her years, inherited from somewhere. It is the same child who came back after a little struggle once before to say, "It has come!" the "it" being the smile on her face! You labor with her for a while, and finally she looks up and assures you that what she has done was really *quite* all right, only now she can see that "as unto Jesus" it was very wrong; and so you have a chance to help her understand quite clearly that her Christian life can't be lived separately from her ordinary life, but that whatsoever we do, we do as unto God.

Then, like as not, you rush out, at last, to chastise the cook's child whom you have told repeatedly not to strike the lower branches

of the big tree with a pole; or to see if you can't possibly find another mosquito net for a child whose face is one mass of tiny red bites because she has no net. You long for the day when you can afford to have the dormitory screened in, because over fifty nets in three rooms eat up more fresh air than there is in these hot, hot Shanghai nights.

What is in a day, do you ask? Why, everything!

VACATION MAIL

By JULIA HAND BRONSON

THE arrival of the daily post is always interesting. Our children away on holiday write such dear little, funny little letters—often in such indescribable English. Shall I tell you some of the things they say?

Yesterday a letter from a little girl named "Plum" told of a quiet but very busy summer; her home is in the real country. She said, "It is so different from my life at school. No organ, no piano, and yet I have music, for I have just heard the wind blowing through the young rice with such a sweet sound." Then she described the beautiful green of the new rice, until here within my city walls I could see those emerald fields under the August sun.

Most of Plum Blossom's summer seems to have been spent nursing the sick. Yet in spite of this and household duties she has memorized, since vacation began, the 34th and the 139th Psalms, the 55th chapter of Isaiah, the 15th of St. John, and when she wrote was in the second half of the second chapter of II Timothy. Plum Blossom has had one year and one term in our school. She was baptized in June.

Many other girls are learning the Bible too. It is good vacation work, and every year we like to award as prizes, to those who have memorized assigned portions, copies of either the Japanese or the English Bible, or the Japanese Hymnal. We wish very much that among those who read this, some who would count it a priceless privilege to give that most precious gift, the Bible, to these earnest girls, would contribute toward next year's fund. We haven't a penny for it yet, but we do not want to stop giving Bibles. Dear Mrs. Forbes helped us last year, and I feel quite sure that some day on those "heavenly hills," where she already waits, she will meet the girls to whom she gave the Word of God.

RECEIPTS of the Woman's Union Missionary Society of America, from
September 1 to September 30, 1915.

ALLAHABAD, INDIA			
Pa.—Phila. Br., Mrs. Wm. Waterall, Treas., quarterly salary of Miss Roderick, 70.00. In lieu of Christ- mas box, 100.00,	\$170 00		
Total,		\$170 00	
CALCUTTA			
Sarah F. Gardner Memorial School			
N. Y.—N. Y. City, A Friend, 425.00; for salary of Head Mistress, 600.00	1,025 00		
For Orphanage,	50 00		
Total,		1,075.00	
CAWNPORE			
Mary Avery Merriman School			
Pa.—Germantown, Mr. F. E. Woodruff, for Rose, 36.00; Lancaster, Miss Mary Gochnauer, for Razi, 5.00,	41 00		
Total,		41 00	
FĀTEHPUR			
Lily Lytle Broadwell Memorial Hospital			
N. Y.—N. Y. City, Thank Offering for In His Name Bed, 10.00; Miss J. B. Erving, for child's cot, 10.00,	20 00		
Pa.—Rescue Work, Phila. Br., Miss Todd's salary,	150 00		
Total,		170 00	
JHANSI			
Mary S. and Maria Ackerman Hoyt Hospitals			
N. Y.—N. Y. City, Estate of Eza P. Hoyt, Dr. J. A. Coles, Ex.,	150 00		
Pa.—Phila. Br., Salary of Dr. Ernst, 175.00; In lieu of Christmas box, 100.00,	275 00		
Total,		425 00	
SHANGHAI, CHINA			
N. Y.—N. Y. City, Miss A. T. Van Sant- voord, to complete salary of Dr. Whitmore,	100 00		
Pa.—Phila. Br., Dr. Reifsnnyder's salary,	175 00		
Total,		275 00	
YOKOHAMA, JAPAN			
N. J.—Princeton Br., A Friend for Sab- bath School work,	10 00		
Total,		10 00	
GENERAL FUND			
N. Y.—Brooklyn, Mrs. S. T. Dauchy, 50.00; Mrs. W. P. Halsted, 5.00; N. Y. City, A Friend, 300.00; Mrs. A. G. Ropes, toward Miss Dodd's outfit, 25.00; Mrs. A. T. Van Santvoord, for passage and outfit of Dr. Whit- more, 400.00,	780 00		
N. J.—Englewood, Mrs. J. H. Prentice,	10 00		
Total,		790 00	
SUBSCRIPTIONS TO MISSIONARY LINK			
Miss E. B. Erving, .50; Mrs. Wm. Waterall, .50; Germantown Aux., .50,	1 50		
Total,		1 50	
WILLING AND OBEDIENT BAND			
Rev. D. M. Stearns, Germantown, Phila., Pa.			
Jhansi.—Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Ramsburgh, for Bible woman,	5 00		
Japan.—Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Bisel—Yosu Hayashi	5 00		
		40 00	
		45 00	
SUMMARY			
Allahabad,	170 00		
Calcutta,	1,075 00		
Cawnpore,	41 00		
Fātehpur,	170 00		
Jhansi,	430 00		
China,	275 00		
Japan,	50 00		
General Fund,	790 00		
Link Subscriptions,	1 50		
Total,		3,002 50	
CLARA E. MASTERS, Asst. Treas.			
Interest and dividends, July,	1,153 98		
“ “ “ August,	67 17		
“ “ “ September,	1,056 50		
		2,277 65	
Gift for General Work,		2,000 00	
JOHN MASON KNOX, Treas.			
FĀTEHPUR, INDIA.			
ENDOWED BEDS			
LILY LYTLE BROADWELL MEMO- RIAL HOSPITAL.			
ENDOWMENT, \$600.			
S. D. D.—Mrs. Samuel J. Broadwell.			
Sarah Wallace Memorial—Mrs. Richard H. Allen.			
Hannah Amelia White—Mrs. M. Morris White.			
Jubilee Thank Offering—For S. D. D.			
Elizabeth Davis Espy—Mrs. W. W. Seely.			
Marie Haines Broadwell—Mrs. Charles Parsons.			
Juliet G. Church.			
Laura P. Halsted.			
Samuel J. Broadwell—Mrs. Samuel J. Broadwell.			
Josephine Lytle Foster—Mrs. Charles J. Livingood.			
Bertha Costello Gillespie—Mrs. Anna Costello Ropes.			
Susan Morris White—Mrs. Clarence Price.			
Sarah Doremus Hamilton—Mrs. Samuel J. Broadwell.			
Comfort—			
Isabella L. Ballantine.			
Elizabeth Ogden Nixon—Mrs. Samuel J. Broadwell.			
Mrs. Geraldine S. Bastable Memorial—			
By her husband, Alvin N. Bastable.			
M. Morris White, “In Memoriam”—Mrs. M. M. White.			
“Inasmuch”—			
Sarah DuBois Doremus—In loving memory.			
Margaret D. Joline—Catharine D. Joline.			

SHANGHAI, CHINA
 ENDOWED BEDS IN
 MARGARET WILLIAMSON HOSPITAL

ENDOWMENT, \$600.

Julia Cumming Jones—Mrs. E. Stainslaus Jones.
 Mary Ogden Darrah—Mrs. E. Stainslaus Jones.
 Robert and William Van Arsdale—Memorial by
 their sister, Julia C. Van Arsdale Jones.
 New Jersey—Miss Stevens.
 Henry Ward Beecher—Plymouth Foreign Mis. Soc.
 Ruthy B. Hutchinson—Plymouth Foreign Mis. Soc.
 Mary Pruyn Memorial—Ladies in Albany.
 Samuel Oaklev Vander Poel—Mrs. S. Oakley Van-
 der Poel.
 Charlotte Otis Le Roy—Friends.
 Emily W. Appleton—Mrs. William Appleton.
 Mrs. Bela Mitchell—Mrs. Bela Mitchell.
 The American—A Friend.
 The White Memorial—Medical Mission Band, Balti-
 more.
 E. Cornelia Shaw Memorial—Mrs. Elbridge Torrey
 Drusilla Dorcas Memorial—A Friend in Boston.
 Mrs. John D. Richardson Memorial—Legacy.
 S. E. and H. P. Warner Memorial.
 Frances C. I. Greenough—Mrs. Abel Stevens.
 Emeline C. Buck—Mrs. Buck.
 Elizabeth W. Wyckoff—Mr. Richard L. Wyckoff.
 Elizabeth W. Clark—Mr. Richard L. Wyckoff.
 Jane Alexander Milligan—Mrs. John Story Gulick.
 "Martha Memorial"—A Friend.
 Mills Seminary—"Tolman Band." California.
 Maria N. Johnson—A Friend.
 "In Memoriam"—A Sister.
 Marie S. Norris— { Miss Norris
 { Mr. Wm. M. Norris.
 Mrs. Sarah Willing Spotswood Memorial—By her
 Daughter.
 John B. Spotswood—Miss Anne R. Spotswood.
 A. B. C. Beds—By Friends.
 Sarah A. Wakeman Memorial—A Friend.
 In Memoriam—A Friend.
 Ellen Logan Smith—By her Mother.
 Helen E. Brown—Shut-in Society.
 Anna Corilla Yeomans— { Mr. George G. Yeomans.
 { Mrs. Anna Yeomans Harris
 { Miss Elizabeth L. Yeomans.
 Mrs. Mary B. Humphreys Dey— { Anthony Dey.
 Mrs. Sarah Scott Humphreys— }
 Olive L. Standish—Mrs. Olive L. Standish.
 Eliza C. Temple—Mrs. Eliza C. Temple.
 Mrs. Rebecca T. Shaw Memorial—Mrs. Elbridge
 Torrey.
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 Camilla Clarke—Mrs. Byron W. Clarke.
 Sarah White Memorial—Miss Mary F. Wakeman.
 Hannah Edwards Forbes— { Miss H. E. Forbes.
 Adeline Louisa Forbes— }
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 Mary Finney—Mrs. J. M. T. Finney.
 Concord (N. H.) Branch.
 Sara A. Palmer—Charles L. Palmer.
 Henrietta B. Haines Memorial { A grateful pupil
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 Mary Haines Doremus
 Mrs. Rufus R. Graves Memorial.
 Mrs. Geraldine S. Bastable Memorial—
 By her husband, Alvin N. Bastable.
 Alexander McLeod Memorial—by Mrs. S. M. McLeod.
 Mrs. Susan Margaret McLeod
 Elbridge Torrey Memorial—Mrs. Elbridge Torrey.
 Mrs. Elbridge Torrey.
 Theron V. Shaw Memorial—Mrs. Elbridge Torrey.
 Mary Joline Beggs—Catharine D. Joline.

JHANSI, INDIA.
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 MARIA ACKERMAN-HOYT
 MEMORIAL HOSPITALS

ENDOWMENT, \$600.

Mary S. Ackerman Hoyt—Her sister, Mrs. Maria
 A. Hoyt.
 Mary S. Ackermann Hoyt—Her sister, Mrs. Jeanie
 C. A. Bucknell.
 Mary S. Ackerman Hoyt—Her niece, Miss Emilie S.
 Coles.
 Maria Ackerman Hoyt—Her niece, Miss Emilie S.
 Coles.
 Mrs. Jeanie C. Ackerman Bucknell—Her niece,
 Miss Emilie S. Coles.
 Mrs. Caroline E. Ackerman Coles—Her daughter,
 Miss Emilie S. Coles.
 Mrs. Lavinia Agnes Dey, { Anthony Dey.
 Mrs. Mary B. Humphreys Dey, }
 "In Memoriam"—A Sister.
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 Annette R. Lapsley Memorial—Miss A. S. Lapsley.
 William H. Harris { Their Children.
 Mary A. Harris }
 Mrs. Henry Johnson—Friends.
 Lavinia M. Brown—Mrs. Joseph E. Brown.
 Canadian—Canadian Friends.
 Jhansi—Friends in India.
 Ida Hamlin Webster Memorial—By her mother, Mrs
 M. Jennette Hamlin.
 Dr. R. M. Wyckoff—Elizabeth Wyckoff Clark.
 Mrs. Geraldine S. Bastable Memorial—
 By her husband, Alvin N. Bastable.
 Fannie B. Robbins—By her sister, Mary R. Hoffman.
 William Harvey—By his sister, Mrs. George Trull.

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